

WHAT IS SHE TRYING to DO? THEY ASK



Countess Granard,
formerly Mrs. Beatrice
Mills of New York.

The American Wife of the Earl of Granard is a Puzzle to the English

"WHAT is she trying to do?" All over England they are asking the question about the rarely rich Lady Granard, until January last Beatrice Mills, of New York, and since then the bride of the earl of Granard, master of horse of King Edward's household.

From the hour when the brilliant Beatrice, as Countess Granard, blinded and dazzled and dazed with her Golconda of jewels the nobility and royalty of the realm she has been the fascinating, irritating, won't-let-one-sleep-o'-nights puzzle of the British people.

And from the minute they imagine they have solved her, she breaks out in a new place, like some restless volcano of splendor, taking courts by storm or hypnotizing the proletariat.

"What?"—and by this time the question is beginning to have in it a note of pained anxiety—"what is she trying to do?"

AT FIRST, when she made her initial appearance at the English court on the night of February 26, everybody was astounded, but no one was puzzled. After the slow and candidly envious recovery of her new and distinguished circle of acquaintances from the blazing shock of her jewels the explanation seemed to be obvious.

Simply another of these glory-thirsting American brides, don't you know, endowed with a superabundance of wealth, who, having learned in their women's colleges nothing but the legend of Cleopatra and the pearl, stand ready to repeat the trick with as many pearls, diamonds, rubies, sapphires and the whole list of stones down to plain anthracite, so long as their papa's funds hold out and they can enjoy making the neighborhood sit up and take notice.

It certainly looked that way, although, in point of unvarnished truth, the new American countess, for that first court function, had adorned herself with no gems other than those which dropped into her lap as wedding presents.

Above her brow shone the huge pear-shaped diamonds of a wide tiara, the gift of her parents. Around her white neck rayed vari-colored gleams from the broad band of diamonds given her by her immensely wealthy grandfather, D. O. Mills, of New York. On her bosom—she had necessarily appeared in decollete—glowed the scintillating splendors of the great necklace, with a band of superb stones fringed with diamonds, that was given her by the Whitelaw Reids, measuring nearly six inches in depth.

LIVING PILLAR OF LIGHT

Her very gown, its sleeves sprayed with diamonds trembling and dancing on almost invisible platinum wires, seemed composed of gold, silver and jewels, until, under the brilliant lights that shone upon her, she was a living pillar of light and fire that almost hurt the eye.

The whole court of King Edward conceded Lady Granard's triumph; there was nothing else to say. As for her reasons, why, any woman—with or without such a face and figure—could understand why she had stormed society in her crown and corselet of jewels.

But barely a month went by before the bride of the king's master of horse seemed to take the bit in her teeth and fling herself into the race for social distinction with all the ardor and recklessness that have characterized campaigns for the Derby by England's most daring plunkers.

On the night of Friday, March 19, she gave an immense and magnificent reception, which instantly marked her as one of the foremost "political" hostesses of the Liberal party, to which the earl is allied, and as instantly set her apart from all other women of prominence except the wealthy and brilliant group of Liberal entertainers composed of the countess of Crews, the countess of Beauchamp, Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, the Baroness Faversham and others.

Until Lady Granard's fairly thrilling appearance on their gala scene those four ladies named had been the "social cabinet" of Mrs. Asquith, wife of Great Britain's premier.

After that momentous Friday night the American



Countess of Crews.

heiress not only stood upon their level as a Liberal hostess, but threatened to elbow one or another of them into obscurity unless all could hold the tremendous pace she was setting.

"What is she trying to do?" London was demanding next morning. And the question was asked most anxiously by the four women who, until the previous night, had enjoyed undisputed eminence in the party in power.

Now, the countess of Crews is the wife of the secretary of state for the colonies, and her mother being a Rothschild, she is heiress to much of the uncounted Rothschild millions.

Hitherto she has been reckoned the handsomest Liberal in her party. It is she who, with Sir Edward Gray, secretary of state for foreign affairs, a widower, makes the diplomatic presentations at court. So Lady Granard could scarcely hope to rival her.

But the countess of Beauchamp, sister of the duke of Westminster, is the wife of the lord steward of the king's household, and she takes precedence of the wife of the king's master of horse. These small distinctions as to which shall have place going in to dinner are bitterly vexatious, and anything Lady Granard's wealth may be able to accomplish in the way of advancing the wife of the earl of Granard beyond the wife of the earl of Beauchamp would be considered by every one as a notable achievement.

As for her majesties, had not Lady Granard been vouchsafed the exceptional honor of being invited to a little private dinner with them before she so much as had made her appearance at court—and that upon the very evening of the night when she did first show herself?

And as for position, isn't the earl of Aberdeen, lord lieutenant of Ireland, positively known to be more than tired of his almost royal post, since the awful scandal of the stolen jewels at Dublin Castle has left upon his administration a blot that cannot be wiped away?

And isn't there precedent for an American vicereine in Ireland, since the late Lady Curzon's wealth swiftly raised her husband to the vice-royalty of India? Besides—and here was a clincher—the earl of Gran-



Countess Beauchamp.

ard is really and truly an Irish peer, for all his estates are located there. It looked very much as though the secret of the diamonded American bride had been discovered on the spot.

Then, of all the bizarre things for any woman to do who had ambitions in her breast, off went the countess of Granard and caught cold.

Could an Englishwoman have even imagined such a ruse? Could an American one have dreamed of it, without the assistance of some abnormally gifted Yankee promoter to post her? However the idea originated, there she was—oh, so appealing—with a cold on that lovely chest which had so recently flashed rainbow hues in diamonds. Perhaps the chill of the heartless jewels had struck her.

Well, it happened, just about then, that the earl of Granard got the high order of St. Patrick, which is a sovereign remedy for coughs, colds and the grip, because it brings the warm sunshine of royal favor on the whole family; and all sorts of royal coupages came whirling up to the poor, sick countess' door to learn whether she couldn't please hurry up and get well.

Which she forthwith did.

A well-conducted countess would have stayed right there, after that, basking in the warm spring sunshine of the royal smiles. But not for Beatrice, Lady Granard.

Next thing England knew there she was down in Spain, being privately presented to Alfonso's young queen and the babies, and the Spanish queen was almost weeping tears of joy at enjoying the chance to chat with a human girl—and a bride—after the unmitigated anguish of Spanish court ceremony.

Queen Victoria gets the indigo blues about every six months, and unless some gay gossip like Lady Granard arrive to relieve the monotony, she dreams of flight as the alternative of death from inanition.

The Spanish officials were so impressed with Lady Granard's men and entourage that they treated her as a member of the royal family; and Lady Granard was so impressed with the novelty of Spanish court life that she made up her mind to stay there until the middle of May.

That was to have held her, to date. Great Britain was sure its new, beautiful international puzzle would let its wearied brains alone for a month or two, at least. But far was it from the confounding Lady Beatrice.

Within a week she was back again in London, preceded by torches of red fire and blaring trumpets, attended by processions of boys and girls in Scotch and Welsh costumes, attired in a gray-blue direstrolle cloth coat and skirt that had a train several yards long upheld by the cunningest little page in knee

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Mrs. L. K. Harcourt, American wife
of a Political Leader.

breeches, wearing a high hat of blue straw and ostrich plumes surmounting her pretty head and a big rope of pearls around her pretty neck, her clear soprano voice making a public speech, under a canopy of the American flag, in Maxwell Hall, Athenaeum, to the voters of Harrow, one of London's suburbs. A Liberal candidate for Parliament furnished the incentive for her speech, and Lady Granard furnished the excitement for the occasion.

Did they flock to see her? Well, the history of the Liberal party and of the suffragettes rolled up together couldn't parallel the thrills of emotion with which all the women of Harrow gazed upon the American countess who had left William the Conqueror an extremely dead issue and the liquor question a mere matter of the price. Her debut as a popular politician rivaled her first appearance as a countess.

Now, of course, it was settled; it was Lady Granard for politics.

But next thing London knew a grand, if informal, contest was slated for the opera season, with Lady Granard and the American duchess of Roxburgh, formerly May Goelet, named as the principals in exhibitions of their private diamond collections, each to outdo the other as long as the mines of Kimberley and the Diamond Trust can stand the strain.

But the end isn't yet. The queen of England has recently made to Lady Granard a present of one of her favorite Cavae terriers, a breed native to the west highlands of Scotland; and that is a mark of royal favor which has often preceded the conferring of some high distinction upon the spouse of the recipient.

Lady Granard, who doesn't care a thing about dogs, has taken the queen's Cavae to her inmost heart, a proceeding that is just like her—and like any woman who wants something she has set her mind on.

But what? "What is she doing it for?" England is demanding all over again; and there isn't any answer yet.

Pointers for Card Players

COMMON among card players, writes an English authority, who was endeavoring to instruct his readers in the mysteries of bridge, is the weakness of not being able to remember the hands that have been played, trumps or cards thrown out, for instance.

In solving the hand place the trumps always to the left and put the highest cards of the various suits to the right of the smaller cards. When any card which was not the best of a suit becomes such through the play, separate it from its suit and put it at the left of the trumps. If two or more cards become the best, put them together.

In order to remember your partner's opening lead put a small card of that suit among your trumps. If you are only one trump, put this card to the left of them again. To be sure that you shall not overlook a revoke made by your adversaries, you should suppose that the two suits which are on the right in your hand represent the two adversaries, and that the suit furthest to the right shall represent the adversary sitting on your right. If either of them renounces to a suit, place a small card of that suit among the cards of the suit that represents the player who renounces. This will not only call your attention to the revoke, if one has been made, but will identify the player who made it.

One of the most powerful aids to memory in card games is the elimination of unnecessary details, because it leaves the mind free for the important elements that need close attention. When dummy is laid down good players look it over and if there is no possibility of accomplishing anything in a given suit, they do not touch it and pay no attention to it. They forget it, eliminate it.

By eliminating such suits they usually get down to one suit, or at most to two, upon which the play of the hand will hinge. All their faculties being concentrated on that, they can remember it down to spots, their mind being free to observe the discards made upon it, if any.

The modern bridge player trains his memory by long practice, the foundation upon which he builds. The first fact he tries to fix being the comparison of his own hand with dummy's. The first step is to count up the number of cards in each suit between the two hands and to fix upon the suit having the greatest number. This enables him to recall the original distribution of the suits and to mark how many rounds have been played.

It is next thing the bridge player tries to do as he becomes more expert is to fix in his memory the high cards that are against him in each suit and to watch for them to fall. After a good deal of practice he can remember down to the seven, although "Cavendish" in one of his books speaks of such an accomplishment as if it were not to be expected of any one but a genius.

Strange Religious Rite

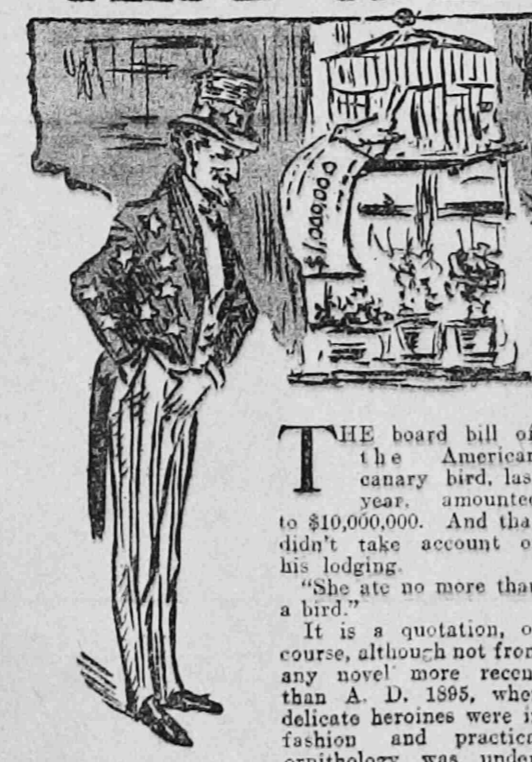
ONE of the strange religious rites of India is the annual rope-sliding performed at Kulu, in the Himalayas.

At a point where there is a cliff overhanging a precipitous gorge, several hundred feet in width and a hundred feet in depth, a rope is made fast to the rock. The other end of this is carried across the gorge and there secured to a stake. The total length of the rope between the two points is, when drawn taut, 2500 feet, and the end attached to the cliff is several hundred and the end attached to the stake is several hundred feet higher than that fastened on the opposite side of the ravine. This a slide is contrived, and it is a dangerous one to all appearances.

It is down this incline that the performer has his path. For the precipitous journey a sort of saddle is provided made of wood with holes in it, through which the rope passes. But before a start is made the whole length of the rope is made wet to prevent the saddle from catching fire from the friction.

The performer sits astride this seat, and to his legs the ends of the rope are supposed to reveal the will of the gods as to the crops of the approaching season. The perilous trip is accomplished in safety, a plentiful harvest is assured. Naturally, therefore, every effort is taken to minimize the dangers of the performance. The ceremony is of ancient origin, and those who engage in it as a sort of small caste apart.

The BOARD BILL of CANARY BIRDS, \$1,000,000 a YEAR



THE board bill of the American canary bird, last year, amounted to \$10,000,000. And that didn't take account of his lodging.

"She ate no more than a bird."

It is a quotation, of course, although not from any novel more recent than A. D. 1895, when delicate heroines were in fashion and practical ornithology was understood only by poultry farmers.

"She eats like a bird" would be true now of the strapping, hearty heroine—and would convey some practical idea of the bird's appetite.

The modern heroine weighs well up to 135 pounds, and she could keep it up, on the simple-life diet, at a minimum cost of \$2 a week. The canary weighs barely an ounce or so; but his still plainer food amounts to \$2 a year.

So far as delicate dieting goes, the human heroine, as proved by statistics, is distinctly a

bird; but what the bird is, and especially the canary bird, becomes a much more grossly material story.

AN AMERICAN consul in Germany, Robert J. Thompson, at Hanover, ravaging the earth in his neighborhood for hard Gradgrind facts after the manner of the new and omniscient American consul everywhere, lit upon the innocent canary this spring and investigated him down to the last particle of grit in his tiny craw.

He discovered that there are no fewer than 5,000,000 canaries warbling away in the United States, each eating twenty-five pounds of birdseed in a year, at 6 cents a pound for the seed. His admiring chiefs in the Department of Commerce and Labor promptly informed the country at large.

Now, in the country at large there are certain men who import these birds by the hundred thousand and sell them again in lots as small as an individual canary. Those men were willing to let the main figure, as to the total number of birds, stand; but they are profoundly convinced that the expense of keeping them is very much higher.

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